A. C. Chambers

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Poetry.

[From the Commercial Journal.]

SONG.

Oh! Comrades Fill no Glass for Me.

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Oh! comrades fill no glass for me
To drown my soul in liquid flame;
For if I drank, the toast should be—
To blighted fortune, health, and fame.
Yet, though I long to quell the strife
That passions hold against my life,
Still boon companions may ye be;
But comrades fill no glass for me!

I know a breast that once was light,
Whose patient sufferings need my care—
I know a hearth that once was bright;
But drooping hopes have nestled there.
Then, while the tear-drops nightly steal
From wounded hearts that I should heal,
Though boon companions ye may be,
Oh! comrades fill no glass for me!

When I was young, I felt the tide
Of aspirations undefiled;
But manhood's years have wronged the pride
My parents centered in their child.
Then by a mother's sacred tear,
By all that memory should revere,
Though boon companions ye may be,
Oh! comrades fill no glass for me!

Parlor Reading.

GUILTY, BUT DRUNK.

MARBLE'S STORY OF THE GEORGIA JUDGE.

Not a few of our readers, West and South, who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Dan Marble, will recognise the irresistible story he used to "tell" of the stolen spoons and the Georgia Judge. Col. Bradbury, we believe, once dressed up the joke and set it a going, and partially in that guise we give it a place in the annals of the comedian.

"Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of the Circuit Judges. He was a man of ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In traveling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get 'comfortably corned,' by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the gentlemen of the law would generally turn in and help him.

"It was in the spring of the year, taking wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old fashioned, but strong, 'carry all,' he journeyed some forty miles, and reached the village where the 'court' was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took up his quarters with a relation of his 'better half,' by whom the presence of the official dignity was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were proper glad to meet him."

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a horn all around. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord) you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was unfit to give a dog."

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight, the Judge wended his very devious way toward his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young barristers, fond of a practical joke, and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt into the Judge's pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstertion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after the frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business now."

"Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened to thrust his hand into his pocket, and laid hold of Sterritt's spoons. He

horror almost indescribable, he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where'd you get them?"

"Get them! Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her—"I stole them!"

"Stole them, Judge?"

"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible—from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them."

"Good Heaven! how did it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But I was very drunk!"

"Yes, you was."

"Was I remarkably so when I got home, Mrs. Brown."

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought something would happen to me—that I would do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I should be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, Judge."

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always has—liquor mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have practical illustrations of the fact." And the old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears, "go like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went, with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for, aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played.

Judge Brown proceeded to court, and took his seat; but spoons and bad liquor—bad liquor and spoons—liquor, spoons, drunk, larceny and Judge Brown, was so mixed up in his "worship's" bewildered head, that he felt awful pale, if he did not look so. In fact, the Judge felt cut down, and his usual self-possessed manner of business, his diction and decisions were not what Judge B. had been noted for.

Several days had passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning, a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the usual question—

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea," exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing upon the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case."

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum of money from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, eh? and he pleads"—

"He pleads guilty, but drunk.

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! This is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none anywhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and after wards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor, said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. The liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do any thing dirty. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the court!"

Indiana Central Railway.

H. C. Moore, Esq., Principal Engineer on the Indiana Central Railway, called upon us a few days since. He gave us several interesting facts in relation to the progress of that important work.

The precise distance from Dayton to Indianapolis, by the Dayton and Western and Indiana Central Railway, is 108 miles. From Dayton to the State line, the distance is 36 miles—from the "line" to Indianapolis 72. From Indianapolis to Cambridge, 52 miles—the grading and bridging is all under contract, and the work in progress. Between Cambridge and Centreville, 8 miles, the work is very heavy, and has not yet been put under contract. Between Centreville and the State line, 12 miles, a large portion of the grading has been done, and the iron will be down by the middle of August; and by that time the Dayton and Western Railway is completed to the State line, so that the trains from this place can run direct to Centreville.

The Indianapolis and Terre Haute Railway, 72 miles in length, will be completed in a few weeks, and there is every probability that the Railway across Illinois to St. Louis will not be long delayed.

We learn from Mr. Moore that the distance from Columbus, Ohio, to Indianapolis, is 12 miles shorter, taking the route by way of London and Springfield to Dayton, than by any other railway now prospected or in progress. —*Dayton Journal, 9th inst.*

One dismally foggy and rainy afternoon in November last, when the streets, clothed in a viscid garment of thick and slippery mud, were passable only at a snail's pace, because every step forward sent you half a step back again—when no one whom fate, or equally inexorable business, did not drive forth, ventured to brave the misty atmosphere fraught with catarrh and influenza—I heard the sound of a fiddle outside my window. The strain was a melancholy attempt at a Scotch reel; and the incongruity of the spectacle it conjured up to my imagination compared with the actual scene before my eyes had just awaked me to the perception of the comic, when the music suddenly ceased in the middle of the second stave, and I heard the sound of a fall; and a faint ejaculation, half sigh, half groan, which immediately followed, brought me to the door to see what was the matter.

It was already getting dark, independently of the fog, and I could but dimly discern a dusky mass lying by the garden gate, but I could hear the plaintive moans that proceeded from it, and soon with the help of Betty whom I had summoned to my assistance, got the wretched bundle of humanity into a chair, in front of the glowing kitchen fire. A few spoonfuls of diluted brandy soon brought life and animation into a weather-beaten face, and produced from livid lips the eager, almost savage request—

"For God's sake give me a bit of vittles!"

"When did you eat last?"

"Not since yesterday morning. I had a bit of bread yesterday morning."

"Oh!" said Betty, "ain't that horrid, and he is a blind man—as blind as a stone!"

Giving the necessary directions, I left Betty to manage her blind patient in her own way, and in about an hour afterwards went down to see what improvements she had effected.

The poor fellow, having satisfied the demands of nature, and supplied his own wants, had immediately began to attend to those of his inseparable companion—his cracked, patched, dilapidated fiddle. I found him airing it tenderly before the fire; then, having borrowed a cloth from Betty, he employed himself in cleaning the crazy instrument from the moist breath of the fog, and from the contaminations it had picked up through his tail. This accomplished, he began tuning it all over as cautiously as a surgeon does the body of a patient, in search of a fracture. Fortunately there was no serious mischief done, and the poor fellow laughed cheerfully when he discovered that the only friend he had in the world had escaped unhurt.

"Well, my man," said I, "how do you get on? Not hungry now, I hope."

"Bless 'ee, sir, no! I'm righter nor a trivet now, sir. I hadn't had sich a feed I can't tell 'ee when, sir. I'm very much obleeged to you, sir, surely. I war altogether done up, and that's a fact."

"Well, then, perhaps you have no objection to return the favor we have done you by telling me how you came to be a blind fiddler, what you get by it, and how you manage to live, and all about it?"

"Not a bit of objection in the world, sir, if you likes to hear it. There ain't much fun in what I got to tell though, cos I hain't had much luck in my time; but if you wish to hear it, of course you shall, and I'll begin at the beginning. I'm quite agreeable, sir.

"I ain't but a youngish man, sir, though they do tell me that I looks a reg'lar old file. What might you suppose my age, sir?"

"From forty-eight to fifty."

"There 'tis again. Everybody says I'm fifty, when I'm not forty yet. I was born in 1811, sir, in Swan Alley, not far from the Artillery Ground. My father was a shoemaker—perhaps ought to say a cobb'er, for he didn't make many shoes, and a good reason why: he was always mendin' on 'em. When I was a very little 'un I recki'lect partik'lar they was a-makin' the Regent's Canal, as runs under the City Road, and I used to get out afore I was big enough to wear trowsers, and make mud-pies out of the clay as was turned up. That was the best fun I ever knowed, that was; but didn't I get the strap when my father catched me at it! Ah, I knows what strap sauce is well enough! He wanted to teach me—cos I was the biggest boy—to make wax-ends, and I wanted to make mud-pies; and many's the likin' I got along o' that there canal a-diggin'. I never pass the bridge now without thinkin' on it. Then, you know, I could see—had as good use of my eyes as anybody. Ha, well, 'taint no use grievin!

"Mother died, and left four of us, when I was about five years old, and then we got more strap and less vittels, I can tell you. Father got savage, and took to drinkin', and we never dared to have a bit o' lark, 'cept when he was out o' doors. One night when he was gone to the public house, we was all a-playin' and larkin' in the room, and my father out o' fun, pushed me right over the kit into the fire. I fell with my face slap in the middle of the hot coals, and was so frightened that I couldn't make no attempt to get out, cos my legs was up in the air against the kit. My two brothers and sisters sung out a good 'un, and a woman as lived upstairs, came down and picked me out. I was took off to the hospital, where I laid for seven months and a'most died with brain fever.—Then I was sent home again, stone blind, and father gave me a hidin' for tumblin' into the fire, as if I hadn't had punishment enough. But I didn't care much for that. I had friends in the court, among the women and the gals, and I got a deal more vittels and kindness than I did afore.

When I was old enough, I was sent to the Blind Asylum, where I learned to make baskets and mats. I can make clothes baskets and hampers, and that sort of work, well enough; but the trade is so much cut up by the shops that it ain't worth doin'. If I makes a basket for a washerwoman for three shillins, it costs me half a crown for the willows. It ain't much better with the mats—the rope costs almost the money they fetch. I left the Asylum when I was sixteen, and lived along with another blind man, as made hampers for the wine merchants. He had a pretty good trade, and I might have done well along with him if I could ha' carried home the goods; but it ain't no go for a blind

to get about the streets of London with five or six hampers on his head. I tried it once, and got shoved head-foremost into a butcher's shop by some chaps as wanted a lark; so he could'nt send me out no more, and he couldn't go himself. I had two years more of that there hamper work, and got the rheumatiz dreadful through workin' in a damp cellar all day long, and I was obliged to give it up—to go into the hospital again.

"When I came out I didn't know where to go, or what I was to do. My father had moved away somewhere, and my two brothers had gone to sea. So I went to my parish, and had a go of the work-house for matter of a year.—There was a blind man in there as played the fiddle uncommon well, and the overseer made him show me a little, and paid a goodish price for teachin' of me. I scraped away whenever they would let me, for I wanted to get out of the work-house, and I picked up a tidy lot of tunes in three or four months. By the time I'd been at it a year, I thought I might manage to pick up a livin', and I turned out one mornin', when the summer was a comin' on, and began fiddlin' in the streets. I didn't get much the first day—not quite sixpence, I think it was—but I would'nt go back upon the parish. I could lodge for a shillin' a week, and I could get a bit of broken vittels at times when folks wouldn't give no money. I liked my liberty too well, after the confinement—first of the damp cellar, and then in the work-house—and I made up my mind to get my own livin' without bein' beholden to nobody. So I've fiddled pretty well ever since.

"When I were two and twenty, I took it into my head as how I should like to learn to read; so I went and applied to the Blind School in Red Lion Square, and used to go there two or three nights in the week to learn to read. There was a good many there, and some of 'em learned to read very well; and some couldn't learn nohow. I got on tolerablish. I went to the school more nor a year. We didn't pay nothin for teachin'—only for the books—the books is very dear; the letters sticks up, and we feels them with our fingers. I gave four shillins for Izayer. I can read all of it, and John's Gospel too. That's all I got; I can't afford to buy no more.

"At the Blind School, I fell in with a young woman as was learnin' to read. I kep company with her for five years, and then I married her. We've been married nigh upon twelve years. She was born blind—never had no eyes in her head, not at all. She can do everything in a house as well a'most as them as can see; she can cook a meal's vittles beautiful, when we got it to be cooked. She sews with her needle, and mends my clothes, and does the washin' and ironin'. We are often very bad off, partick'lar at this time of year. People don't care much about fiddlin' and music in cold and wet weather; they walks away to keep themselves warm, and forgits to give a feller a copper.

"I knows London all over, 'cept some of the new streets, and I knows them when I've been through 'em once. I goes from Islington, where I lives, to the city, three times a week.—When I come to a street where a customer of mine lives, I begins and numbers the houses with my stick, and plays till I gets my penny, or my bread and cheese. I always eat a piece of bread in the mornin' afore I goes out; if I don't, I gets the stomach-ache. Sometimes I don't git any more all the day; but I gits bread and cheese in a house in Clerkenwell every Tuesday, and a good pint of tea and a pound o' bread a most every Friday in Little Saint Thomas Apostle. You see I can't fiddle very well, cos my right arm is shrivelled up with the fire, and I can't draw the bow rightly level with the bridge without I sits down, and in course I can't sit down while I am walkin' about the streets; so it ain't many coppers I gits from chance customers. My reg'lar customers mostly gives me a penny a week; when they moves, I follers 'em wherever they goes. I can't afford to lose 'em; they brings me in, all on 'em, about three-and-sixpence a week, besides the vittles. 'Taint much vittles I eats at home, save on Sundays, and a bit o' bread afore I starts out of a mornin.

"There's lots o' blind men in London as gits a livin' without earnin' of it. I knows one as sits all day in the City Road a-readin' the Bible with his finger, and people thinks it's wonderful clever, and gives him a sight o' money. A pound a week ain't nothin to him. But that there's a imposition; there ain't nothin' in it. I can read as well as he every bit, but people hadn't ought to get their bread by readin' the Bible, and doin' nothin: it ain't respectable.—I gives the people music, and they give me a copper and I'm very glad to get it.

"There's some blind men as keeps standins in the streets, and sells sticks, and braces, and padlocks, and key-rings, and some on 'em drives a good trade. I knows one as got a family brought up quite respectable—the boys is 'prentices, and the gals goes to service. I should like to keep a standin' myself if I had a few pounds to begin with; but, Lord! I never had but one sovereign in my hand in my life, and that wasn't mine. There's lots o' blind men goes about with dogs tied to a string; them's beggars. When a blind man drives a dog, he's made up his mind to be a gentleman. A dog ain't of no real use to a blind man in London, not a bit in the world. A dog is a blind beggar's sign; and when the dog carries a tray in his mouth to catch the coppers, then there's two beggars instead of one. There's a sight o' blind men in London as can see as well as you can. They start out when it's dark with great patches over their eyes, and goes with a boy—a young thief—to lead him among the crowds and in the markets of a Saturday night. When they gits into the thick of it, they sings out:—'Good Christians! for the love of heaven bestow your charity upon the poor blind—and God preserve your precious eyesight.' That's their chant. They gits a lot o' money from the people, partik'lar on Saturday nights, when the small change is flyin' about: them robbers, and nothin' else. There's some poor fellows as I knows as can't do nothin' for a livin'. Blind men is often weak in the head—a bit silly like. They mostly lives in work-houses; sometimes they tries it with lucifer matches; they likes to get out in the sun in summer-time and fine weather. I pities them, poor fellows! it's hard luck they've got.

"I'm always cheerful-minded, 'cept when I'm very hungry, and got nothin' to take home to my wife. We don't want much—it's very little as keeps her: but I don't like to go home without nothin' in my pocket; then I thinks it's too bad, and gits low-spirited; but I soon goes to sleep and forgits it, cos I'm so tired when I goes home. My wife earns sumthin' most weeks, sometimes she looks after little children when their mothers goes out a-charin'. She has three half-pence a day for a child; when we git two babies for a week that makes eighteen pence, and pays the rent. A good thing that would be, if we could do it always. She's very fond o' little babies, and knows how to do for 'em as well as a mother a'most, though she never had one of her own.

"Saturday is my best day. My customers knows I can't play the fiddle on Sunday, and so I gits a good allowance of vittles, and fills my bag. There's a butcher not far off as gives me a reg'lar good stew of bones and cuttin's every Saturday night. That's my Sunday's dinner, and a famous dinner my wife makes on it. There's a policeman out here as collars me reg'lar whenever my bag's a bit full, and turns it all out, and axes me where I stole it. I says: 'I'll answer that there question at the station-house, if you likes to take me there;' but he never takes me up. That's a noosance, that is.

"I never buys no clothes; I git as much as I want give me. The boots is the worst. In course, I never gits them till they're worn out; and as I can't afford to have 'em mended, when it rains, my feet is always wet; but I'm pretty well used to it—that's one good thing. This time of year it's very bad; there's so much bad weather, and so few people about, that a blind fiddler might as well stay at home. There's been nothin but rain all the week. I only earned two-pence yesterday, and that just makes up the rent as was over due. There was nothing for supper, though I'd had nothin' all day but a bit o' bread in the mornin', and to-day there was none for me to have, so I come away without any. My wife has had her vittles today—that's one comfort, she went out afore I did to go a-washin; she'll earn sixpence besides her vittles—and we'll have a good supper to-night, thank God!

"I've had a good many accidents in my time. There's so many omnibusses now, that a blind man can't venture off the pavement. It takes me half an hour sometimes to get across from the "Angel" into the City Road. I've been knocked down by cabs and omnibuses six or seven times; I never got hurt much myself, but my fiddle has been broke all to pieces several times. I always mend it myself, but it's a deal o' trouble and loss of time while the glue's a-dryin'. Drunken men is worse than omnibuses.—I've been beaten about by drunken men many's the time, cos I couldn't play the tunes they wanted. I never goes into a public house now; I had so many tricks put upon me that I finds it better to keep away. I was a'most killed once by a lot o' Irishmen; they knocked me about dreadful, and filled my fiddle full o' beer and then made me play upon it, and cut the strings while I was a playin'. They done that cos I'm a very little fellow, and got no strength. That's too bad! Sometimes gentlefolks is none too civil. Just afore I come to your gate, I tried at a house a little way down the road; a gentleman come a rushin' out, catches me by the throat, and twists me roun' an' roun', and shoves me over the steps, a swearin' as how he'd got two scrapers at his door a'ready, and didn't want another. That ain't civil, seein' I fiddles as well as I can, an' he got no call to pay for it if he hain't a mind to.

"I don't know as I can tell you anything more, sir. You see I don't know much of the world. My wife's a merry little woman, and can go without a dinner and never grumble, many's the day she gits no vittles, no more nor myself. When there ain't no vittles in the cupboard, and no means of earnin' any, I tells her not to git up, and so she lies a-bed all day, cos it's easier fastin' in bed, than when you is up and about. If I brings home anything, then she gits up and cooks it, and then we're all right. We always hopes for better times, and if we don't live to see 'em, why then we shan't grieve for the want of 'em. I plays the song, "There's a good time comin', boys," and my wife sings it. There's no harm in hopin' that we may all live to see it. That's all I've got to say, sir."

With that, this uncomplaining heir of adverse fortune rose from his seat, placed his fiddle under his arm, and thanking me warmly for all favors, groped his way up the kitchen stairs and took his departure. I have given his history as he detailed it; it has had no coloring, and requires no comment at my hands. It is just one of those revelations of the mysteries of common life which are only remarkable because the world in general has not chosen to make them an object of remark. But verily it has a use and a signification which discontented respectability, cushioned in its easy chair, may do well to ponder.

☞ A *puzzle*, some thing like the following, came off at a market house not many miles distant!

Boy.—"Mister, how do you sell beef this morning."

Man.—"Why, seven cents a pound—how much will you have?"

Boy.—"Seven cents eh?—have you got a *heart*?"

Man.—"No—just sold it."

Boy.—Well, I just know'd you couldn't have a heart, and sx seven cents for beef, I'm sorry you sold it—'cause I'd like to have some meat."

A moment after the boy was seen running out of the market house, and a shin bone sailing after him.

☞ The following is good news from the tribe of poor "Bob White!"

Patridges.—The York (Pa.) *Free Press*, states that the sportsmen of that place have from eight hundred to one thousand patridges cooped, which they purpose letting loose again in the spring, in order that they may not become entirely extinct in that region of country.

France.—Thus the usurper magniloquently shadows forth his future policy in the leading page of the *Moniteur Parisien:*

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has come to inaugurate the eagle of universal peace. This universal peace, the aurora of all the progress of the future, which will conduct civilization towards unknown shores—this peace, which will forever close the abyss of civil as well as international wars, will be promulgated in the face of the world by the Constitution, the preparation of which the plebiscite of December 2d has confided to its elect. The necessity of Europe and the whole world is a strong power, protecting all interests, and assuring universal right—that right of which our revolutions have scarcely even been anything but the usurpation. Louis Napoleon has not made any *coup d'etat*. Louis Napoleon has not attempted any victory by force. He has delivered the people from a convenient dictature, the remembrance of which since 1848, will be embodied in the negation of ameliorations which the situation of the laboring classes imperiously reclaim. The laborious classes, grateful to the savior of their country, have confided to him their future fate. Louis Napoleon has understood it. There is his force, because there is to be found the realization of the enlarged ideas of the Emperor at the epoch of the peace of the world. Europe, shuddering at the prospect of 1852, has rallied to the act of Dec. 2d, which has preserved the civilization of the 19th century from a new invasion of barbarians. France, the eternal advanced guard of greatness of thought, will soon offer to Europe the type of permanent constitutions—permanent because they are liberal and protective of all rights. Liberty now resides only in tutetary authority. This authority is well founded. No one will raise a hand against it, for it is protected by God. Liberty at the base of society, used up to this time as a machine of disorganization, has disappeared. Liberty at the apex, a light fed by universal suffrage, will recreate harmony in general politics.

Colored Nobility.—As the Kaffir war has again broken out at the Cape of Good Hope, and will doubtless attract considerable attention, we transcribe from Bentley's Miscellany, an amusing *description of a Kaffir chief:*

"The proper dress of a Kaffir chief is a kaross of leopard skin which can be worn by no other Kaffir. Arms legs and feet are left bare, and so is the head. Macomo, however, is very fond of turnig out in the European costume; and as he selects his wardrobe in a very diffusive manner, the effect he produces is more remarkable than elegant. Judge of my surprise at seeing the great leader of ten thousand warriors thus habited. He wore a blue dress coat with brass buttons, considerably too large for for him, and very much the worse for wear, and a pair of old dragoon trousers with a tarnished gold stripe down the legs; yellow vest, schoenz; a shocking bad straw hat; no shirt, no stockings! He was mounted on a little rough, ungroomed poney, with a cheap saddle and an old ragged bridle. In place of a riding-whip, he carried in his hand a knot kneerie of formidable dimensions; and in his mouth was stuck a small blackened clay pipe. In addition to this, he was by no means sober, though not drunk "for Macome," I was informed. My interview with the worthy chief was not a long one. I was introduced to him by a man that knew him, and I had a little conversation with him of no importance, but rather amusing from the manner in which it ended—namely, by the great chief asking me to lend him a sixpence. Of course I complied and in two hours later he was in a state of helpless intoxication; my sixpence had done it. You can get drunk on the most economical terms at the Cape."

Postage Reform.—The following is a synopsis of a bill amending the Postage Law, which the Post Office committee in the House are expected to report:

Each newspaper, pamphlet, periodical, magazine, book, bound or unbound, circular, catalogue and every other description of printed matter, unconnected with any manuscript—*one cent for two and a half ounces*, and one cent for each additional ounce under two thousand miles; double these rates over that distance.

Newspapers not weighing over an ounce, one half of the foregoing rates.

Postage on printed matter to be prepaid at the office of mailing or delivery; if not double these rates are charged.

All transient printed matter to be deemed unpaid unless paid at the office where it is mail'd.

Books, bound or unbound, deemed mailable matter, not weighing over 4 lbs., to be weighed when dry.

Publishers of newspapers and periodicals may send a copy of their respective publications to each other, and actual subscribers bill and receipts free.

Publishers of weekly newspapers free within the county.

☞ A Washington letter writer says that the greatest reserve is practised by the Navy Department in regard to the proposed Naval Expedition to Japan. The expedition will depart under the command of Commodore Perry, as soon as the vessels can be got ready—probably about the first of March. The steam-frigate Mississippi will be Commodore Perry's flag ship. The Cumberland and St. Lawrence will form a part of his squadron. It is believed that the object of the expedition is to make a favorable impression as to the naval power of the United States upon the Emperor of Japan, and that it is to go to the port and City of Jeddo, which is at the head of a navigable bay, and is, according to English authorities, accessible. The city contains more than a million inhabitants, and is one of the richest and most magnificent cities of the East. It is the seat of a vast commerce and extensive manufactures, and is the residence of the Emperor and of the nobles of the Empire. This Government asks of the Emperor to open his ports to our commerce, and to treat with hospitality those of our seamen who may be cast on his shores.

☞ An exchange paper says that "when David slew Goliah with a sling, the latter fell stone dead, and of couse was quite astonished at such a thing had never entered his head before."